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Being a grandfather, with four active grand-children, who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES,
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA,
November 30, 1880.

We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, Manager.

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PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

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A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.
Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation widely known.
I remain, yours truly,
JAMES P. BYRAN, 1828 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.
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SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29, 1880.
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A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours Truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
67 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules**, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectively.
Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.
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THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

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N. B.—Expressage paid by the purchaser.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881.

NUMBER 20.

POETRY.

Who'll think of Me?

D. C. K. in Indianapolis Herald.

Ah! when I'm dead and lowly laid,
When shroud and coffin both are made,
And clouds fall heavy from the spade,
Who'll think of me?

When o'er the grave the grass grows high—
When sighs are hush—'tis tears are dried dry,
And weeks and months have passed me by
Who'll think of me?

Will you, my friend, who here to-day
Is heard with so much boast to say:
"I know him well, why doubt it?" Nay,
Not you! Not you!

Nor many others I might name,
I will not now reproach or blame
Of whom I can't but say the same,
Not you! Not you!

But then it is the common lot
Of all—and I should murmur not,
So wags the world and man's forgot;
Dust unto dust.

And what could I expect of those
Whose friendship only lives and grows
While there's to give and plenty flows
From hand to hand.

'Tis not from such, though ask I do,
I know there lives a grateful few,
Who to my memory will prove true
When I am gone.

Those who seek not for greed or gain,
Friends true alive in joy or pain,
To whom I've never looked in vain;
Who'll think of me?

Friends, God be thanked, I have and hold,
(Though all's deception here we're told)
Whose friendship tried, and true as gold
Will last for aye.

Who, when my soul has fled from this
To realms of pure and endless bliss,
Will look around and sometimes miss
My presence here.

Then may I sink to my repose,
That sleep that here no waking knows,
Surrounded by such friends—as those
Who'll think of me?

STORY TELLER.

THE TALE OF A TRAMP.

Supper was over, and, sat before an open wood fire, our small family bade defiance to the chill frost of late autumn, when my wife, lifting her head from the sewing in her lap, said, in a low tone:

"Surely, I heard a rap."
"Or a rat," suggested Charlie, fresh from college, and skeptical on any subject that might be broached.
"Really, mother, if your hearing is so acute, please count the steps of that half-frozen fly on the ceiling."
"Nonsense, Charlie," replied his mother, with a smile. "But I am sure I heard some one rap. There it is again! You must have heard that. Nettie, dear, run to the door."

The knock this time, though modest and apologetic in tone, was not to be disputed. Nettie reached out her hand to take the candle, but was anticipated by her incorrigible brother, who rudely blew out the taper, exclaiming:

"Now, then, mother, for a test of your ingenuity; who is this caller, and what is his or her errand? Listen! Can you analyze that knock?"
"Nonsense!" exclaimed his mother again. "Some tramp, I suppose, who has seen the light from our window, and—"

But she was interrupted by Charlie's burst of merriment.

"Tramp! And at this season of the year! No, no, mother; try again. A tramp's knock would reverberate through the house like thunder."

"Come, Charlie," interposed I, "this is idle. You may be keeping a neighbor waiting, or a child."

"A little child!" cried Nettie, "and on a night like this! No, brother, you shall not detain me another moment. And, after a slight scuffle, Nettie emerged in triumph, bearing the disputed candle."

As she paused on the threshold to relight the candle, I may as well make public my secret conviction that a being nearer akin to the angels than our Nettie did not exist. She opens the outer door, her friendly face beaming a welcome to whoever might be standing in the darkness, while her gentle voice inquires "Who is there?"

We all listened intently for the reply, that, quite in keeping with the rap, was delivered in a low, strained voice.

"I am hungry, cold and sick. I saw the light from your window, and—"

"You are welcome, sir," interrupted Nellie, gravely. "And" she added, glancing an arch look at her mother—"and expected."

The stranger, as he entered, directed an inquiring glance at Nettie, as if not comprehending the import of her last words, nor the smile that passed from lip to lip of the family circle.

Hungry, cold, and sick! There are many such in the world, but few who bear such genuine marks of distress. His clothing, worn by long service, hung in limp folds about his shrinking, shivering form; while his face, pale and contracted by physical (or was it mental?) suffering, might have been taken for that of a corpse, were it not for the dark,

brilliant eyes that burned deep in their sockets.

Nettie had conducted him into the kitchen, adjoining, and by a clever stratagem beguiled her brother out of his easy-chair, which, before he could intercept her she had dragged into the next room and placed at the disposal of her visitor.

"You are too good," murmured the young man, thankfully as he sat wearily into the inviting chair.

"A model tramp," sneered Charlie, the loss of whose easy-chair might have tempted into whispering in a loud key.

The stranger probably overheard him, as he shielded his face with his white, bloodless hands, and spoke no more.

Nettie flitted busily from room to room, from pantry to cellar, on hospitable thought intent, apparently unconscious of her mother's slight coughs and other efforts to attract her attention when the stock of preserves was invaded, although a close observer would have noticed by the tell-tale dimples in her cheek and sparkle in her eye that she was quite cognizant of her mother's uneasiness.

O these children! how they do wheedle and cajole their parents!

It was characteristic of Nettie, that when she gave she gave with both hands full. She gave the cake, and withheld the crust. And so it was that when the young man, letting his hands fall from before his face, beheld the glittering tea-table, with its goody array of substantial and delicacies, he stared at his fair benefactress in such a mute, helpless way that it was half-amusing, half-saddening.

"And you have prepared this for me! For me! And you do not know who or what I am."

"Our guest," responded Nettie, gently.

"Not but that the light"—glancing disdainfully at his shabby coat—"reveals my wretchedness too plainly."

"Pardon me," said Nettie, bravely; "but it is the poor we are commanded to assist; nor do I know of any duty that yields half the pleasure."

"The warmth of the room betrayed me into a nap," continued the stranger, "and I dreamed—alas! it was but a dream—that I should go forth from this house free from the burden of remorse that has weighed me down these many years. But, no; such a miracle could not happen. I have waked once more to misery and to the fact that I am an outcast."

"Hush!" exclaimed Nettie. "We will speak of that later. You must not talk so bitterly; for, whatever your attire, your address is that of a gentleman."

Nettie now resumed her place with us, and the stranger was left to his repast. Charlie produced a highly-colored meerschaum, and, without regarding his mother's entreating looks, proceeded to fill and light it.

"Come, Charlie," she could not forbear saying at last; "it is not often that I ask you to sacrifice anything for me, but I do wish you would give up smoking."

"No use, mother; I should think you would know better than to make such a demand."

"Obey!" thundered a voice from the open door. "Let her highest wish be law, or beware! My fate may be yours!"

The deep, tragic tones in which these words were uttered, the erect, dignified form standing upon the threshold with threatening forefinger pointing directly at the object of his attack, the flashing, magnetic eye that compelled attention and obedience—all involuntarily reminded me of an evening some forty years before when I had seen the elder Kean advance to the footlights, and, with rapid, unexpected speech, electrify the audience.

So, too, I had seen a religious revivalist single out some stiff-necked sinner in the crowd, and with darting forefinger pour out the vials of scriptural vengeance on the unbaptized head.

"The man must be mad, or a strolling actor playing a part!" cried Charlie, who was the first to recover from the general amazement.

The effect of this remark on the man was magical; the extended hand dropped; his figure shrank and drooped into its former listless attitude; the fire died out of his eyes, and his coat once more revealed its rents, while his voice, low and hoarse, muttered an apology:

"Forgive me. I forgot where I was and who I am. No, I can never forget that. I cannot escape myself."

Nettie's sympathetic soul was touched. "Perhaps you would like to tell us about yourself. That is, you might like to feel that there were those who pitied your misfortunes. My brother is sometimes hasty, but always kind-hearted. We would all be glad to assist you if we can."

"My tale is one of horror, and could gain me only your detestation; yet why should I shrink from the recital when the pain I thereby inflict

on myself is the only penalty I can pay for my crime?"

"I am," he continued, "for rather was, an actor, and so was my father before me. As a child, I mimicked the set phrases and gestures of the actors about me, and early learned to look upon the play-house as my home and the field wherein I should develop whatever talents I might possess. My father occupied the position of leading man at the B— Theatre, and was the most popular actor in town. He basked in the glare of the theater, exerted, nay, exhausted, himself in the effort to please a fickle public, and possibly looked upon his home only as a retreat where he might recuperate his exhausted energies and equip himself for fresh conquests. My mother naturally looked upon the theater as a rival, and a successful one, to the home. Yet, for all that, she never relaxed her efforts to make that home a pleasant and attractive one. Whatever her sufferings and despair might have been, she never voiced them. Only I remember on one occasion she had playfully asked me what I intended to be when I grew up to manhood, and I replied: 'An actor, mamma, an actor, by all means.' She pressed me closer in her arms, and I felt her warm tears on my face as she cried out: 'Oh, not that, my son! Anything but that. Choose again, just to please your mother.' But I obdurately insisted that I would be an actor and nothing else. From that moment my mother seemed to regard me with great apprehension, and I am afraid would have secretly rejoiced if my first appearance had been such an utter failure as to deter me from taking any further steps in that direction. But my father aided and encouraged me. Himself a careful, conscientious student, he would quench my too-ardent enthusiasm by an immersion in the ocean of work that lies between every artist and his goal; and anon, lifting me up to his own lookout, he would point out some new and undiscovered country where fresh glory awaited the first comer. Alternately stimulated and held in check, I rapidly grew in popular favor, and divided almost equally with my father the smiles and tears of the town. Oh! he alone who has commanded them can testify to the sweetness of the power."

"About this time there appeared on the scene one whom my father nervously feared as a possible rival. He played parts that my father considered peculiarly his own by right of repeated representation, and, being young, handsome and of good address, secured a large following of friends. The misunderstanding between this stranger and my father was of so serious a character that they only spoke to each other when the demands of their profession forced some courtesy from one or the other, and it required all the firmness of the stage manager to keep them to their duties. One night, late in the season, when all the new plays had been worn threadbare, an old melodrama was revived, and to my father and this new-comer the principal parts were assigned. Each now started out in the race to enlist the applause of the audience. My father watched the house nervously, both off and on the stage, to see to which side its favor might incline. He seemed to feel the laurels plucked from his own and bound on a younger brow. Near the close of the play my father was to shoot his opponent, who was to fall dead at his feet. You have already apprehended the sequel. The gun, an old unused one, supposed to be loaded with a small charge of powder, went off in my father's hand, and the rival, whom he had so lately feared and hated, lay dead before him."

I have related this incident to show you the cloud of misfortune that hung over the family, and shortly afterward enveloped me in its folds.

"Although probably no one actually believed that this tragedy was other than a sad accident, yet some there were who, recalling the enmity between the two men, were malicious enough to whisper that the shooting was premeditated under cover of the play. These rumors coming to my father's ears cut short his stage career. He secluded himself closely at home and would see no one. One night I recollected, he called me into his room, and said: 'My son, it would have been far better for me if I had purposely killed that man, for in that case my punishment would be deserved and sure. This distrust, the averted eyes of those who were once proud to call themselves my friends, is killing me.' He must have spoken in a spirit of prophecy, for on the following morning he died."

"Soon after this event I was the recipient of some flattering offers from theatrical managers, and I determined to return to the stage, although my mother bitterly opposed it. Oh! that I had listened to her gentle pleadings, and unwilling to heed words of caution. Was I not desirous of providing for all her present and future needs? Had I, although acting contrary to

her wishes, any other object than her ultimate happiness in view? Would she not, sooner or later, come round to look at things in my way?

"My return to the stage was followed by almost immediate promotion, and the people flocked to see me in parts which my father had rendered famous. Many of my friends were anxious to see me attempt the higher walks of my art, and partly to please them, as well as to air certain theories and innovations of my own, I gave out that I would shortly essay the role of Othello. For weeks and months I studied this creation of the great dramatist, and succeeded in thoroughly identifying myself with the part. On the night before my debut as a tragedian was to take place I retired early, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams. By turns I was the fond and tender lover, the proud and powerful General, the crazed relentless murderer."

"The morning dawned and developed in my own home a more horrible tragedy than was ever conceived by dramatist, for while I slept and dreamed a dastardly assassin had crept into my mother's chamber and strangled the life from her sweet body. Upon her fair white throat was the cruel imprint of the murderous hand, and, oh, God! while I slept, unconscious of her agony, she was struggling with her slayer."

"Weeks and months passed, but no clue to the murderer could be discovered, nor the object of the crime imagined. My life, robbed of its truest friend, seemed dull and melancholy. There was but one thing left for me to do, and that was to recall and act upon her admonitions, so that, if happily her spirit looked down upon me, she might bless my efforts. I left the State and sought in a Western State to give a new direction to my life. But even here, my reputation as an actor had preceded me, and I was waited upon one evening by the manager of the local theatre with the request that I would take the place of his leading man on the following evening, he being incapacitated from appearing by sickness. The piece was to be 'Othello.' I accepted the proposal, pleased that my name had not been entirely forgotten by the public. The hotel at which I stopped was overcrowded, and the landlord informed me that I would have to share my room with a stranger. But the stranger, when he came in, proved to be an old friend, and we talked far into the night, of old friends, mutual acquaintances, but especially of my forthcoming appearance as Othello on the next night. I slept, and dreamed once again that I was the veritable Moor of Venice, breathing into Desdemona's ear my vengeful, cruel purpose. I was suddenly awakened by a terrific pull at my hair, and found myself standing out in the middle of the floor engaged in a struggle with my friend. My hands were fastened in a vice-like grip on his throat, and, even as I waked, his hold of my hair loosed, and he sank helplessly to the floor. There are moments in life when, like an electric flash, all that has been and much that is to be stands out clearly revealed, and, awe-struck, we gaze at the fearful prospect. The mystery of my mother's taking off was no longer a mystery; it was these accursed hands that had done the deed, and condemned me, like Ahasuerus, to wander over the world, seeking relief and finding none."

"With these words the young man concluded his tragic story, and, seizing his hat, opened the outer door and disappeared in the darkness. Nettie, with white face, but moistened eyes, hastened to the door with her purpose so clearly expressed in her manner that Charles cried out:

"Have a care what you are doing! You surely can't mean to offer that sleep-walker a bed here! Ugh! I choke at the thought of it!"

Nettie shuddered, hesitated for a moment only, then leaving the door ajar, stepped out. We could hear her voice, but could not distinguish the words, but his reply was distinctly audible:

"You are right. To me it seems as if my mother's voice spoke through you, bidding me cast off this burden of remorse and return to my art, with the resolve to win the name the future surely has in store for me."

Several years later our family were surprised at the receipt of a note inclosing passes, from the manager of the B— Theatre, inviting us to be present on the following evening, when America's greatest tragedian would open a week's engagement. The play was to be 'Othello.' We were punctually on hand, and were politely conducted to a side box, whence shortly afterward we had no difficulty in recognizing in the swarthy Moor, who rode the stage, Nettie's quondam acquaintance.

Between the acts the actor entered our box and claimed the privilege of renewing an acquaintance so inauspiciously begun.

"I shall invite myself once more to

your home," said he, "nor will you find me the objectionable guest that I formerly was. Before fame and fortune the dark spectres that haunted my brain have dissolved like the mists of morning and left me light-hearted and clear visioned."

Since then the actor has often been our honored guest; and idle rumor has it—is the rumor idle? What, then, do Nettie's blushes mean, as, bending over my shoulder as I write, she asks the question:

"Father, don't you think it would be better if you were to christen your story 'The Tale of a Tragedian?'"

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they became men." What is it they ought to know?

First. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action—rather than be learned in all the sciences and languages and at the same time be false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society in which he moves, is a moral ulcer, a plague-spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and were compelled to cry "unclean" as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third. To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and sacred things.

Fourth. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however rich or poor, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—*Ex.*

A Tactile Sense.

The sense of touch, when highly trained, enables the blind to read with their fingers almost as readily as others with their eyes. With it alone Laura Bridgman rapidly recognizes a friend; feels the approach of one coming in the hall, and even pick out her own clothes returned with those of others from the laundry.

The ancient sculptor determined the final finish of his statue in marble, not by his eye, but by the nerves at the root of his finger-nails. The expert compositor depends less on his eye than on his finger-tips in handling his types. The wonderful capacity which lies hid in all our senses is brought out only when necessity forces us to their special training, but it might be well if their fuller development was made part of the education of the young generally.

Without this sense we could hold nothing in our hands, except when looking at it; nor stand with safety; nor lie in bed with comfort. Few are aware how dependent we are on the sensations located in the surface of our bodies.

A man in Germany, on recovering from a severe fever, was attacked with numbness, which was soon followed by loss of all tactile sensation. He would wound or burn himself, and become aware of it only by seeing the blood or the scar. Gangrene (mortification) following an injury to his finger, the latter had to be amputated without the slightest pain. Though he retained his full power of motion, he could tell only by his eyes whether his arm was extended or bent; nor could he walk, or even stand, in the dark, and when in bed he seemed suspended in the air.

The case was regarded as a very interesting one by the medical profession, and, on the person's death, some twenty years later, a post-mortem examination showed that his brain was wholly unaffected, but that there had been extensive softening of the spinal marrow from the top of the neck to the small of the back.—*Youth's Companion.*

Not all in Bringing Up.

It isn't all in bringing up:
Let folks say what they will;
You silver-wash a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said: "Train up a child,"
If I mistake not, raised a son,
Gay, rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of an ass,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of love
Of college and of school,
Yet all make him no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good for heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light;
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in bringing up,
Some counsel and restraint,
Some rasals had been honest men,
I'd been myself a saint.
Oh! 'tisn't all in bringing up,
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

RESOLUTIONS ON A WEDDING DAY.

When the celebrated Theodore Parker married Miss Cabot, he entered in his journal, on his wedding day, the subjoined resolutions, the keeping of which made his married life a happy one:

1. Never, except for the best of reasons, to oppose my wife's will.
2. To discharge all duties for her sake freely.
3. Never to scold.
4. Never to look cross at her.
5. Never to weary her with commands.
6. To promote her piety.
7. To bear her burdens.
8. To overlook her foibles.
9. To save, cherish, and forever defend her.
10. To remember her always, most affectionately, in my prayers.

Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Strange Character.

A deaf-mute, who is an old acquaintance of mine, has just come from the west, and tells a queer story of a gentleman he met in a large western city, last winter. The story of my friend, which he gave me in signs, is in substance as follows:

In February, Mr. C.—(my mute friend) was looking for work, but failed to find any. Things came to such a pass that one evening he found himself in a strange city, without money or friends, with no employment nor lodgings. He called at three different hotels, and asked to be allowed to stay over night, but was quickly dismissed. It was about nine o'clock, and he thought he would try one more, and if they would not keep him he would go to the police station. He went into a large hotel and made his wants known to the clerk by writing. The clerk looked at him sharply for a minute, and then making a motion for him to wait, he went out, and in a few minutes returned with a gentleman, about 28 years of age, rather tall, with brown hair and mustache, and elegantly, though not very fashionably dressed. The clerk wrote on Mr. C.'s slate, saying, "This is Mr. Ellsworth. He will talk to you."

The gentleman then took the slate and wrote: "Are you deaf and dumb?" Mr. C. replied that he was. Mr. Ellsworth then laid down the slate, and began to talk by signs and spelling. Mr. C. was astonished, and answered by signs to several questions. Then Mr. Ellsworth said something to the clerk, and the clerk smiled and bowed. Then he wrote on the slate: "You can stay to-night." Then Mr. Ellsworth asked Mr. C. if he had been to supper, and when he said "no," Mr. Ellsworth told him the dining room was closed, but he would go with him to a restaurant. He went with him—ordered him a good supper, and paid for it. Then they went back to the hotel. Mr. C. asked Mr. Ellsworth if he was a mnte. He said he was deaf, but could talk some. He did not seem to like to answer questions, and soon said "good night."

The next morning he shook hands with C. very kindly, and asked him what he was going to do. He said he had no work. He then asked him about his trade, etc. After breakfast he went with C. and soon got him a good place. He seemed to know everybody, and they were very polite to him and talked by writing.

He said to Mr. C. "I believe you are an honest fellow, and I am glad to be able to help you." He then gave C. the address of a good boarding house, and wrote a note to the lady, which Mr. C. gave her that evening. He also said to Mr. C., "You are a stranger, and will have to pay your board in advance. I will let you have a little money, and you can pay me back when you earn it." Then he took a large roll of bills from his pocket and handed C. a \$10 bank-note, and quickly shaking hands with him, he walked hurriedly away. The next morning C. called at the hotel, but the clerk said Mr. Ellsworth had gone out. He called again on Saturday evening to pay him, but the clerk informed him that Mr. E. had left the city, and when C. asked some questions about Mr. Ellsworth, the clerk only said he was too busy to talk to him. He called several times after that, but could not find Mr. Ellsworth. He thinks it strange, and wants to pay him. Does any one know him? N—,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1622 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"One more unfortunate" candidate for public favor and the almighty dollar has passed away. The *Lantern* has gone out. It came, it flickered for a few brief moments, until the dampening, chilling influence of public apathy "doused the glim" forever.

There is in this another lesson, which it would be well for deaf-mutes to learn. Part of this lesson is that there is no demand for more newspapers for the deaf and dumb—a fact that has been proven more than once, and which ought to impress itself on the minds of those who contemplate making money in the newspaper business. If a man has a few thousand dollars to spend, the quickest way to get rid of it is to start a paper for the deaf and dumb.

There is no business that, with the same amount of money and labor and energy and thought expended, will not bring in a better return. Very few newspaper enterprises prove successful. Nearly all the papers published for deaf-mutes to-day are a dead loss. They may pay for the material used, but they do not pay for the time and work entailed in producing them. The *JOURNAL* is the only paper that has steadily progressed since its publication was conceived. Every one knows how from a small beginning, in connection with another paper, it gradually became larger and greater, until, at the present day, it occupies the proud position of the greatest and most truly independent newspaper for deaf-mutes in the world.

The temperance movement now agitating some of our correspondents, and which has resulted in the able articles on the subject which have recently been published in the *JOURNAL*, deserves more than passing attention. It is a subject of great importance, as having to do with the future happiness of all. Liquor fills many homes with sorrow, and some of these homes are tenanted by the deaf and dumb. More than this, some who are born deaf and dumb can trace their misfortune to drunkenness on the part of one or both parents. There are many who profess to be able to drink without going to excess. This may be so, but it has seldom happened that he who has habitually indulged in intoxicating drinks, did not at some time go too far, and the general result of habitual drinking is a total loss of self respect and an increasing fondness for liquor, until it is almost or utterly impossible to resist drinking on every possible occasion. At a teetotal lecture in Ohio, the lecturer lead off as follows:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey with moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him now make it known. I will account for it or acknowledge that I am mistaken." A tall, large man arose, and folded his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, and said distinctly:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "Yours is a singular case, yet I

think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A negro man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whiskey, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. The circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread in whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, became drunk, and floated helplessly on the water. In this way he easily caught a number. But in the stream was a large fish, very much unlike the rest. It par-took freely of the bread and whiskey without any perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He produced a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said:

"Sambo, I understand dis case. Dat fish is a mullet-head. It ain't got no brains."

"In other words," said the Judge, "alcohol affects only the brain, and of course those who have none may drink with impunity."

The storm of laughter that followed drove the forty years' moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

"A Night's Visit to the Composing Rooms of a Daily Paper," printed on the fourth page of this issue will no doubt prove a treat to our readers. Very few people, except printers, have the slightest idea as to how their daily papers are made up, and the article is so true and vivid a description that all can readily understand it. Deaf-mutes who are learning the "art preservative" will do well to imitate in their actions the compositors described. No looking round when any one passes, no pauses; every moment utilized. That is the way to work, and the sure and safe road to successful and effective execution.

NOTICES.

Rev Mr. Mann expects to officiate at 10:45 A.M. at the Cathedral, and at 3 P.M. at St. James Church, Chicago on Sunday May 29th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

The Deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity are invited to attend a service to be conducted by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain in Trinity Mission Church next Sunday, May 22d, at four o'clock.

The Deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to attend a service to be conducted by Mr. William Bailey, in the Church of the Good Shepherd next Sunday, May 22d, at 3:30 P. M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Effie Parker, of Erie, Pa., is making a short visit to Mrs. Burwell, of Lundy's Lane.

W. D. Edwards, of Wooster, O., will go to Pittsburg some time in June, where he expects to meet some mutes.

Mr. C. Codman, ex-student of the College, and the famous curve pitcher, has secured a good job in a tin shop at Chicago.

Terence Feine, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, is running a news stand and book store of his own at Jamestown, Pa.

Will Mrs. Edward C. Ould be so kind as to let a friend, who wishes to correspond with her, know her address through the *JOURNAL*?

Ed. Levi, the Chicago shoemaker, who contemplates living in New York next fall, has got a mute sister. He is an excellent and industrious workman.

Eliza Miller, (Mrs. Schupp) who was divorced from her husband, in 1878, lives in Mattoon, Ill. She has a mute brother, a painter by trade, and an old bachelor.

Miss Margaret Nannery, educated at the Illinois Institution, is an excellent housekeeper, and her address is Wilmington, Ill. She has also a mute sister. Both are intelligent.

W. D. Edwards, the Wooster, O., type-setter, had his hair cropped recently and now looks like a monkey. His Daisy does not like it. Well, Daisy, it won't trouble Walter when you want to pull his hair.

J. B. Herman, J. T. Getsinger, J. Begler, J. Schlegel and Philip Staffinger went on a pilgrimage to West Seneca, N. Y., on the 4th inst. West Seneca is about four miles from Buffalo, N. Y. They had a pleasant time.

Miss Martha Childs, of Lakewood, O., says that she is going to make a traveling tour the coming summer, as she wants to have a rest. She will go to Akron soon to meet her friends. Friends in Akron will please take note of this.

The father of Julius Lang, of Albany, N. Y., departed this life on Monday, May 9th. He resided in Manhattanville, N. Y. Julius attended the funeral. Before leaving for Albany, he paid his old claims at the New York Institution a visit.

The sad intelligence has been received of the death of Mrs. M. B. Reaser, of Haisville, Mich. She died at 11:30 A.M., May 3d. The Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, Rector of Trinity Church, Monroe, read the funeral service. Her remains were placed in a vault. She left three children.

Miss Belle Bailey, of Knoxville, Tenn., has been visiting friends in Chattanooga.

Is there such a paper as the *Deaf-Mute Progress*? We have seen but one, and that was the initial number.

The Tennessee school is proud of its representative at the National Deaf-Mute College. He delivered orally an oration at the Presentation Exercises.

Albert F. Holbrook, connected with the New York Institution as supervisor last year, and who resigned in August last, visited the school on Friday, May 13th.

Peter W. Edmonston is a skillful planer in the planing mill of Mead and Taft on the dock of the Hudson River. He has worked there for fourteen years.

Last March Charles D. Edmonston obtained a situation as compositor in the *Cornwall Reflector* office. He is improving in knowledge of a printer's business.

Miss Mary Riley lives in Newburgh, N. Y., with her sister. When she was six years old, she lost her hearing. She can speak well, but she cannot hear any sound.

Miss Mollie Sykes, from Alabama, is in Jackson, Miss., on a pleasant visit to Prof. and Mrs. L. Saunders and Mr. Alfred Kearny. She was Prof. Saunders' pupil, and taught at Stanton, Va.

Michael Hackett, of Rochester, N. Y., is employed by Peter Cullen as a gardener. His boss says that he is a good gardener, and he is the best man he has to work. His wages are very good.

On Sunday night, at 7:30, Rev. Mr. Spooner and Geo. W. Schutt held a combined service in St. John's Church in Canterbury. Among those present were Peter W. Edmonston and his wife, Miss Riley and Charles D. Edmonston.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Pastor of St. Ann's Church, will preach in St. Chrysostom's Chapel, 7th Avenue Cor. 39th St., this (Sunday) evening at 8 o'clock, in behalf of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."—*New York Times*, May 15.

The Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society accepted Rev. Job Turner's postmortem till the evening of June 10th at the Young Men's Christian Association Building. If it is convenient for Rev. Mr. Mann to lecture June 11th, we shall be pleased to have him do so.

On Wednesday forenoon, May 11th, at the residence of the bride's father, in White House, New Jersey, Mr. Roscoe S. Munger and Miss Louisa Cium, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, were married by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. They will live in Salisbury Center, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Mr. S. L. Dawson, of Philadelphia, who has been sick with brain fever, has now fully recovered his health and strength. His friends are glad to have him once more among them. He is congratulated upon so complete a recovery from what at one time threatened serious consequences.

A deaf and dumb old bachelor was recently "heard" to remark: "The only lady who ever made an impression on me was a 300 pound woman, who was standing in a car and when the car turned a corner fell against me. It made such a confused impression that I've fought shy of the sex ever since."

On Sunday, the 15th inst., at St. Ann's Church, New York, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached orally in the forenoon and by signs in the afternoon from the 21st verse of the first chapter of the Epistle of St. James, "Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness and receive with meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save your souls." He referred to the life and character of the late Mrs. Annie M. Compton as most touchingly illustrating the way in which the grace of christian meekness can be cultivated.

Mrs. Bell, wife of the inventor of the telephone, is a deaf-mute. It is a frequently coincident fact that the inventor of the telephone, Professor Bell, should have had a deaf-mute for a wife. An interesting story is told with regard to what influenced the wealthy and charitable Amos Kendall to give so much toward founding a deaf-mute college here. When Morse was endeavoring to introduce his patent Amos Kendall became so much interested in him and his wife, and felt such a sympathy for her affliction, that he determined to do all that he could to found a college here for those who suffer from similar misfortunes.—*Washington Star*.

From our Institution exchanges we learn that the Superintendents and teachers in several places have been obliged to give up their work temporarily on account of ill health. The Ohio correspondent of the *JOURNAL* writes:

"The present school year has been a rather severe one on the officers and teachers. First, Superintendent Perry broke down and had to give up his duties temporarily, and now Miss Byers, of the Primary class, has been forced to relinquish teaching and seek rest for a while. Prof. Stewart for some time has scarcely been able to take charge of his class, and there are also several other teachers nearly broken down by ill health."

We believe that it is worthy and a constant sense of responsibility, fully as much as actual labor, that causes so many instructors of the deaf and dumb to break down prematurely, although many of them have too much work to do, even if they had no share in the supervision or discipline of the pupils.—*Mutes' Companion*.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN.—A fine-looking young man has been beating his way through the country of late assuming the deaf and dumb role. He struck this city the other day, and by his pitiful story, told with his little pencil in a little memorandum book, secured lodging and a good breakfast at the St. James hotel. He came down to the Oliver house and registered his name. He stood around for awhile watching the movements of persons about the office, and finally waited up to the counter, pointed to his name on the register and then to his ears, made a smile, and whispering out his little book wrote that he was a barber out of employment, out in the weather and would like to live awhile with the Knight brothers until he could find something to do. Jerry was busily engaged writing a reply, in which a well known messenger of scripture figured conspicuously, when the fat chronic catarrh cure man rolled into the office and slipping "dummy" on the shoulder accosted him with the usual salutation, "Gully or not gully?" at the same time showing a circular under his nose. "Not gully," blurted out the deaf and dumb statue with a start. Then he put his hand over his mouth and hid for the door, just as Jerry was finishing the final "V" to the name of that country from whose "burn" no traveler is expected to return.—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune*.

Mr. James Cary is working in the San Juan Mountains, in Colorado, with Michael Cynne. They are doing very well.

A deaf-mute named Mr. Harris left his position in the car shops of the D. & Rio Grande Railway, in West Denver, Col., without any good reason.

A bonanza was struck in the family of Prof. H. M. Harbert, a popular teacher in the Colorado Institution, on the 7th of March. It was a bouncing child. His friends extend their congratulations.

Mr. R. D. Livingston, of Denver, Col., reached St. Louis on the 13th inst., and left for Chicago on business. He is expected in Denver in a week. He might make a flying visit to his friends in Fairbank, Minn.

Lars Larson, President of the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, desires some one who knows the regular post office address of Prof. P. A. Emery, Messrs. R. W. Sullivan, A. B. Grant and L. Zimmerman, all living in Chicago, and of Mr. John Miller, of Iowa, and Mr. J. J. Murphy, of Wisconsin, to favor him with their addresses.

Ex-Superintendent Logan of the deaf-mute school in Penn., has on a month's visit to his relatives and friends. His cousin, B. Barrett, Esq., is a counsel man of the city of Worcester, and is a partner in the engineering business with his son. The professor says he enjoyed his visit hugely.

The many friends of Prof. Thomas J. Trist, a popular teacher of the Pennsylvania Institution, exceedingly regretted to hear of the death of his wife, which took place at Northampton, Mass., on the 7th of March. She had been an invalid for the past several years. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady, and belonged to one of the best families of Massachusetts.

The combined service at 3 P.M., at Miles Grove, (Girard, Pa.), was largely attended by the regular congregation. Several of our people were present from Erie, Lundy's Lane, Edinboro and North East. The public school was closed in time to let the children attend. One little girl was particularly desirous of attending. She had been told by some of her school-mates that the mutes had eyes in the back of their heads.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is the well-known head, seeks to purchase a large farm, where the already existing Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes can be permanently located, and where an Industrial Department of this Mission can be established. A fund of \$6,000 has already been raised towards the \$30,000 asked for. Many Deaf-Mutes, after finishing their ordinary school-instruction, need to learn some industrial pursuit; and a farm with various work shops attached, would furnish the best means for this. It would furthermore provide a place where deaf-mutes, who, partly from lack of business qualities, and partly on account of the nature of their affliction, do not succeed in life, could be cared for and industriously employed. The Institution, if once fairly started, would do much towards its own support.—*The Living Church*.

St. Ann's Free Church Fair.

The Sunday school room in the basement of St. Ann's Free Church (Dr. Gallaudet's) presented an unusual lively and attractive spectacle yesterday. The annual fair has been opened here, and the ladies of the church were displaying a very enticing array of all sorts of articles, fancy wares, china, toys, embroidery, confectionery, candies, &c., to capture the dollars—and even quarters—of the visitors. There was an "apron" table, with an endless variety of pretty aprons; an employment society table, a sewing school booth, grocery table, Sunday school stand, crystal palace, a fishing pond, where, for five cents a chance, any boy could fish up some cheap little "surprise gift," and there were countless other devices to amuse and entrap the sight-seers of plethoric pocket. In the afternoon and evening the boys of the choir gave a very entertaining dramatic performance of the "Gay Deceiver" and "Huggermugger," on a miniature stage, which has been temporarily erected. The fair is well worth visiting and should have the cordial support of all those interested in Dr. Gallaudet's good work.—*New York Herald*, May 12.

EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The next Reunion of the above named Association will be held in the city of Utica, on the last Wednesday of August next, and continue in session three days, one of which will be devoted to an excursion.

The elegant City Opera of Utica has been secured for the reunion, through the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Siegman, a prominent mute of that city.

An oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eddy, a teacher in the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution.

Notice of the excursion, reduced railway fares, hotel prices, etc., besides a programme of the reunion, will be given in the *JOURNAL* early in the season.

It appears that it is not generally known that any deaf-mute, whether lady or gentleman, of this country, no matter where they were educated, who pays the membership fee of one dollar, is entitled to participate in the proceedings of all meetings of the Association and vote for the officers. According to the Constitution, however, only resident deaf-mutes of the State of New York are allowed to become officers of the Association. So far as we have heard, from the various quarters of this country, the present indications are that there will be a very large meeting of deaf-mutes in the city of Utica on the last day of August, 1881.

Let one and all come and enjoy a pleasant and profitable time.

H. C. RIDER, President.

E. A. HODGSON, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Cleveland, Sunday June 19th
Warren, O. " 20th
Detroit, " July 3d
Put-in-Bay, Monday " 4th
Port Huron, Tuesday " 5th.
Other appointments will be published later on.

EXHIBITION

Anniversary Exercises of the New York Institution.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON THE PROFICIENCY SHOWN.

[The Anniversary Exercises of the New York Institution, which take place in May at the Broadway Tabernacle, are occasions fraught with much interest both to the mute as well as to the hearing world, and serve in a marked degree to keep alive public interest in the Institution. The exhibition which was held on May 12th of this year, owing to the intense heat—the mercury being away up in the nineties—the attendance was not so large as had marked those of former years; still those who did attend manifested by frequent and prolonged bursts of applause their appreciation of the manifold results of marked improvement on the part of the pupils. Appended are the comments of the city press.]

(From the *New York Evening Telegram* of May 12.)

"The most cynical of those who regard as dry the anniversaries of the many great humane societies here—dry because the managers so often present their most thrilling facts in such a dry matter-of-fact way—would not have had their minds disabused at the Broadway Tabernacle this afternoon. It was the anniversary of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The exhibit was in many respects wonderful. About 100 pupils of the Institution (1622 street and Eleventh avenue,) representing the various classes of the 553 pupils, showed in the most convincing way the great work done for their unfortunate class. Vice-President Henry E. Davies, LL.D., was chairman."

THE EXERCISES.

After his brief speech on the prosperity of the society, the pupils gave an exhibition under the direction of the principal Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D. There were illustrations of the elementary methods of teaching the deaf and dumb, studies in geography with a class of girls, sixteen years of age; translation of signs into words, answering questions in reference to studies and impromptu compositions on topics suggested by the audience; also illustrations of the methods employed and results obtained in the instruction of those who are deaf, dumb and blind; forces and beauty of the sign-language, writing on the blackboard and the Dactylology and Lord's Prayer in concerted signs. These showed marvellous results of patient, intelligent training. The exercises of the pupils who were blind, deaf and dumb, attracted much attention.

The business meeting of the Board will be held Tuesday next, at the Institution. The successor of the late President, Rev. Dr. William Adams, who died in August last, will then be chosen. The State supports 291 of the pupils; 171 are supported by counties, 10 by parents, guardians or friends, and 81 by the State of New Jersey.

(From the *New York Herald*, May 13.)

No more interesting exhibition has been held this week in the Broadway Tabernacle than that of the Institution for the instruction of Deaf and Dumb, which occurred yesterday afternoon, and at which Judge Henry E. Davies presided. The Institution has 490 pupils and nearly all these were present and under the direction of Dr. Isaac L. Peet and his assistants, Professors Currier and Jenkins and Miss Montgomery, a graduate of the Institution, with whose class of little girls the exercises closed, they reciting in the sign language the hymn "Just as I Am," &c., the "Lord's Prayer" and the "Dactylology." Illustrations of the studies in the different departments—primary, intermediate and academic—were given by separate classes, and to show that they had not been fixed up for this occasion a class of young men and young ladies were asked to write on blackboards something about their studies and about such as they liked best. One wrote of astronomy as her favorite study, another of moral science, in which she gave emphasis to the sentiment that "it is better to be good than to be learned;" another liked English grammar. Of the young men one preferred Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," because of its choice English, and quoted a stanza as applicable to the late Dr. William Adams, one of the staunchest friends of the institution. Another liked physical science, and a third bookkeeping, and each had something good to say of his favorite study. A class from the intermediate department gave exhibitions of their attainments in geography, each selecting his or her own topic. A condensed sketch of the location of several States—New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, &c.—of their populations, products, characteristics, &c., were given with the ease and readiness of adepts. The average of age of the pupils in this class was thirteen years.

There were pupils in the primary classes who gave illustrations of the first lessons that they have to learn, which they are taught monosyllabic words such as "hat," "jug," "saw," &c., and by associating the thing with the sign for it, they are brought on to be able to write the word on the blackboard, or point it out if the teacher writes it, and show that they know what the word means by handling the article named. Tests were also made to show that the pupils are taught to think for themselves. One young man, who is both blind and deaf and dumb has been taught to use a type writer, and with it he has carried on an extensive correspondence with friends during the past year. He has been taught the sign language also by that laying his hand on his teacher's, so he can understand what is going on. Some of the gentlemen present yesterday gave him some money in ten, five and one dollar bills. He was asked to tell the amounts by his sense of touch. He guessed one to be \$5, which was correct. When, however, silver pieces were put in his hand, he had no difficulty in naming their value.

(From the *New York Times*, May 13.)
The sixty-fourth anniversary of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was celebrated yesterday afternoon in the Broadway Tabernacle. The church was well filled. The Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., Vice-President of the Board of Directors, presided, making an opening address of much interest, sketching in brief outline the history of the institution, since when, in 1817, the year of its establishment, it began its good work with five pupils. Now over 500 are on the rolls, with a faculty of no inconsiderable strength. Following the address, Dr. L. L. Peet, Principal of the institution, introduced several classes who entertained the audience for two hours with a display of

their remarkable abilities. The first exercise was an illustration by three small boys, but a few weeks in the Institution, of the elementary methods of instruction. A half dozen 13 year old girls recited by use of the blackboard, an exercise in geography. A class of higher attainment with a strange readiness translated signs into words, answered questions in reference to their studies, and wrote impromptu compositions. In one of these off-hand efforts the electric light was referred to as one of the great inventions of the age was added: "This light is especially valuable to New-York just at this time, and we hope that it will soon be used in all of the public streets, for without it there is great danger that in the darkness of the night some citizens may become buried in the mud of the streets." An exercise by James H. Caton, a blind deaf-mute, won much applause. Other parts of the programme, in which the pupils figured, proved very pleasing, particularly the recitation, by signs, of a poem, a concerted recitation of a psalm, the dactylology, and the Lord's prayer.

(From the *New York Truth*, May 13.)

The anniversary exercises of the New York Institution of the Deaf and Dumb occurred yesterday afternoon at the Broadway Tabernacle, and proved highly entertaining to a large number of persons who had assembled in the body of the church to see the exhibition of the pupils' proficiency.

A stage was arranged in front of the pulpit, and on it was placed six blackboards. The pupils ranged in age from six to twenty years, and appeared especially bright and happy in their holiday moods. They were pretty children too, and highly intelligent, while their performance was really wonderful.

ELEMENTARY METHODS.

The first item upon the programme was illustration of the elementary methods of instruction. This was done by several little boys and girls who had been under instruction from two weeks to eight months. They conversed on their fingers with their instructors, and most of them wrote their names and some short sentences upon the board. The excellence of their dactylology was surprising, and far surpassed that of children of the same age who have possession of all their senses.

Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., principal, took personal charge of the exhibition, and explained how a deaf and dumb child was taught the sign-language. Twelve objects are placed upon a table and the child is thoroughly familiarized with them. The twelve words representing these objects contain all the letters of the alphabet, and when the child comes to know the objects well the alphabet is acquired. After that, the progress is easier.

An exhibition in geography followed this, and six or seven grown girls went to the board and wrote out the boundaries of as many States, with the products, population and capitals of each.

ARTICULATION.

This was followed by a most curious exhibition of Professor E. H. Currier's class in articulation. This class was composed of boys from eight to fifteen years of age, all of whom had been able to hear at some time of their lives, but were now totally deaf. By the greatest care the Professor had not only taught them to understand the movements of his lips, but had trained them to speak themselves. He asked each in turn now long they had been deaf, and although they could not hear one word their preceptor uttered, each answered intelligently. One had been deaf for nearly three years, while others had not heard a sound for ten or twelve years. These latter spoke very curiously, and while one could understand the words their voices were harsh and discordant.

Several other questions were asked this class, which were answered in the same manner. Then they repeated a prayer in concert, each watching the Professor's lips closely, as that was the only guide they had for keeping time.

THE HIGHER CLASSES.

Professor Weston Jenkins next exhibited the proficiency of the highest class in the Institution. The exhibitors consisted of three young ladies and three young gentlemen. They went to the board and each wrote out a sort of an address to the audience, telling of the studies they had pursued and of what branch each was fondest. One young lady preferred astronomy, because of the beauty of the stars and the wonders of the planets. Another liked moral science, and a third gave a little lecture upon the usefulness and difficulties of English grammar to deaf-mutes. One of the young men made a happy hit upon the Street Cleaning Department. All of these pupils were born deaf and dumb. To look at them, however, no one would ever suspect it. The young ladies were most fashionably attired, and there was absolutely nothing to suggest their infirmity. The instructor explained that in teaching language to deaf-mutes the greatest difficulty was found in making them understand the idioms and slang. He illustrated this by giving several expressions to the class, the explanations of which were highly amusing.

BLIND DEAF AND DUMB.

Three of the pupils were also blind. One of these, James Caton, a well-grown boy, gave an exhibition of his proficiency as a type-writer. He had his machine with him and wrote rapidly and accurately. The following is a specimen, which he wrote for the *Truth* reporter:

"The type-writer with which I am now expressing my thoughts was purchased for me with money given a year ago by a number of ladies and gentlemen who attended our exhibition. I took it home with me in the vacation and wrote many letters to my friends. And every time that I have written with it since, I have remembered with gratitude the kind friends who pitied the blind deaf-mute and gave speech to his fingers. During the last year I have studied the history of the United States, geography, arithmetic and Scripture history, and have paid some attention to the writings of Shakespeare, Milton and Swift. I should be glad to have some questions asked me to show that I am improving. Before my mind was enlightened I had mental, moral and physical blindness. Now light has come to my soul and it seems as if my whole body was full of light."

A PANTOMIME.

The most amusing part of the exhibition was a pantomime display by a class of small boys. They represented the peculiarities of the monkey, eagle, hawk, cat, flea, mosquito, bee, and a number of other animals and insects so accurately that the audience roared with amusement.

This was followed by a recitation of Holmes' ode to Washington by Miss Ella Dillingham, a stylishly dressed young lady of the graduating class. The recitation of course was by signs, but was almost as expressive as words. After this a choir of beautiful little girls sang in the same manner "Just as I Am" and the Dactylology. They then repeated by signs the Lord's Prayer, and the exhibition closed with the benediction.

The whole was a success in every particular and reflects great credit upon both pupils and instructors. There are at present 502 pupils and 19 instructors in the institution.

(From the *New York Tribune*, May 13.)

Anniversary exercises were held in the Broadway Tabernacle yesterday afternoon, by the New

York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The Church was nearly filled. Among those present were Judge Henry E. Davies, the Rev. Dr. Crane, of Morristown, N. J., Benjamin H. Field, Morris B. Jessup, the Rev. Dr. Stoddard, Mr. G. Robbins and Mr. Avery T. Brown. Judge Davies presided, and made a short address, giving the history of the Institution. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Crane. The prayer and address were interpreted into the sign-language by Professor Peet for the benefit of the deaf and dumb members of the audience. About 100 pupils were present, their ages ranging for six years upward. They were called on the stage by classes, and, under the leadership of Principal Peet, Professor Currier and Jenkins, exhibited the various studies taught, and the mode of teaching. The studies comprised the identification of words with objects, penmanship, spelling, geography, arithmetic, translation of signs with words, impromptu compositions, articulation and lip-reading.

Echoes From Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Raffington have removed to No. 572 N. Clark St.

Charles Codman, an ex-student of the college, is employed in a tin factory.

A deaf-mute (name unknown) was arrested lately on the charge of arson and discharged. He was wrong fellow.

The shoemakers in the city have been out on a strike, and among the strikers are several mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. George have removed from their old

Correspondence.
[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Lawn Tennis & Other Sports.

A FEARFUL FALL.

Various Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

In accordance with a challenge which had passed between the Kendall Green Lawn Tennis Club and a club of English gentlemen residing in Washington, a match game of tennis was played on the Green on Saturday afternoon, May 7th. Upon the part of the Kendalls, Messrs. Budd and Chickering appeared, the Englishmen being represented by Mr. De Bunsen and Lord Montague of the British legation. The Kendall representatives played in excellent style, winning four sets to nothing on the part of their opponents. However, in the return match, which came off on Wednesday, 11th, the tables were turned, the Englishmen scoring four sets to two on the part of the Kendalls. The latter, it must be said, played under disadvantages, the Englishmen's court being paved with asphalt and the grounds too much limited in extent to permit free movement. The Englishmen being used to the grounds did not find any trouble on that account. A third match will shortly be played, and the Kendalls confidently expect to come off victors. The club is in the second year of its existence and numbers about twenty members. Mr. Hotchkiss is captain, being quite a leading player and having with him a number of players equally expert. We wish them success in future contests.

Last Saturday, the Kendall B. B. C. also opened its regular season, but sustained a defeat instead of winning a victory. The match was with the Howards, of Alexandria, Va., and at first promised a victory for the Kendalls. Towards the end of the game, Mr. Lynch having hurt his hand, the Howards were enabled to win the game by the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Howards	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	7-9.
Kendalls	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	7-9.

The new rule regulating foul balls causes the Kendalls much trouble, their want of hearing being a great drawback to their success in matches.

A FEARFUL FALL.

resulting in the killing of one man and the serious injury of another, occurred on the Gymnasium building on Thursday afternoon. Two workmen, by the names of William Littleton and John Herriy, were engaged in painting the east gable end of the gymnasium at a distance of seventy feet from the ground. Littleton was on a short ladder at the apex of the roof, and Herriy immediately under it, when the frail platform supporting the ladder gave way, and both men fell, striking the roof and bounding down to the ground. Mr. Littleton fell on his shoulder, breaking his neck. He was picked up and laid on the grass, but never spoke. He died in a few minutes after the fall. Mr. Herriy fell on a pile of bricks, breaking his right leg between the knee and ankle, and his right arm above the wrist. Both men were removed to a room in the college, and while Drs. Lincoln and Street were being telephoned, Pres. Gallaudet and the students did all in their power to aid the men. Upon the arrival of the physicians they made Mr. Herriy as comfortable as possible, after which he was sent to Providence Hospital in an ambulance. The remains of Mr. Littleton were sent to his late residence on R street. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss. The immediate cause of the accident was the faulty construction of the scaffolding. The platform which gave way was erected by means of three pieces of plank being nailed to the attic windows with the ends projecting. Upon these plank several boards were laid without being nailed down to the projecting joists. Consequently, the weight of both men on the same end of the board disturbed the balance, and resulted in the sad affair.

A subscription list is being circulated among the inhabitants of the Green for the benefit of the family of the dead workman.

CHITS.

Whew, how warm!
Gents, no more ball throwing in the quadrangle, please.
We'll soon have the "Heretics" on H street.
Mr. Cartaway has married Miss Mumps. Whose turn next?
The thermometer indicates rising temperature; "them letters" indicate a rising in the college standard, too.
The old pump is becoming a favorite in these warm days.
Mr. Prince, '79, is happy in the possession of—. Well, we don't know the sex. But no matter, he's happy.
Mr. Ballard went to Baltimore last week, on account of the illness of his son. Later intelligence reports the death of the little fellow. The inhabitants of the Green deeply sympathize with the afflicted family.
President Gallaudet's family is ex-

cessively worried just now. Three of his children are down with the measles, which in addition to the heat, is causing the patients much suffering. We trust that all may safely recover.

In the "Society Notes," of the Washington Evening Star, under date of April 12th, appears the following: "It is frequently the subject of remark that it is a most singular coincidence that the inventor of the telegraph, Prof. Morse, and the inventor of the telephone, Prof. Bell, should each have had a deaf-mute for a wife. An interesting story is told in regard to what influenced the wealthy and charitable Amos Kendall to give so much towards founding a Deaf-Mute College here. When Morse was endeavoring to introduce his patent, Amos Kendall became so much interested in him and his wife, and felt so much sympathy for her affliction, that he determined to do all that he could to fund a college here for those who suffer from similar misfortunes."

LESTER MONTROSE.
KENDALL GREEN, May 14, 1881.

Odds and Ends from Indiana.

"O, many a shot at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!"

Spring, gentle Spring, and all her paraphernalia have arrived. Our campus looks just too lovely in its vernal robe, and to quote "Stella"—

"In the grove and in the dell,
Fays and fairies are lurking;
What are their tools, no one can tell,
Yet in right good earnest they're working."

The term will wind up June 22d. Glad? Yes, for then we can wander far away, where,

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of the Sea."

We are pretty strongly tempted to believe that some of ye graduates, who profess to be profoundly glad that they're most done with school, occasionally find themselves humming—

"Dear old walls, each nook and corner
Has its little tale to tell—
We are sorry we must leave you,
For we've loved you long and well."

"Participants," "visitors," "Directors," "lookers on," "hangers on," and all of that sort of thing. May expect something splendidly nice, in the way of a big surprise on Commencement Day. We've been let into the secret, and we just ache awfully to let it out. It is too good to keep—that is, for us to keep. We vowed we wouldn't tell a soul, positively and truly black and blue. "Howsoever" we'll just say this much:

"No more schoolbooks, no more lessons.
Save the lessons Time must give,
But we'll keep on learning, learning,
Something new each day we live."

If you can't guess the rest you're no "Yankee," so to speak.

"Mercury" surprised us just too awfully when he informed the anxious public that he had ceased to wonder. Are you sure as shooting that there's no mistake in that "Cognomen"? We suppose—

"To every doubt your answer is the same,
So I fell out and so by chance it came."

The Grand Combination Picnic to be held at Put in Bay, July 4th (Nice time to celebrate), and the Big Convention at Utica, N. Y., are about the only big things that are going to go off this summer, aren't they? Who is going, any? Wonder if the "Com." will smash the "National" to smash, or if the picnic will beat that at "Wilmington."

MIGNON.

May 9, 1881.

Jottings from York, Pa.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In compliance with the request of the State Committee, Mr. Barnitz was to be notified to call a meeting of the deaf-mutes to appoint a sub-committee for our town. I beg to assure you, my dear readers, of our state, that I shall feel myself much disappointed in not having a sub-committee for the York Alumni at the Convention of graduates. Some mutes have declined to accept the honor on account of their inability to visit the Convention.

For the benefit of "Little Rep." August is very unpopular, because of the hot weather generally in the city. September is most popular here as was before expressed by some intelligent mutes.

I wish that York could be represented, and regret that any misunderstanding has been caused.

Miss Tillie Graff, of Adams, Pa., has obtained a place in Roger's hotel in Baltimore, and she will return to her home this month.

Miss Laura Wolf, of Gettysburg, Pa., paid a visit to Mrs. Robert, and staid with Mrs. Robert a week.

Mr. John A. Lehr purchased a new brick house last February. He has good habits of industry. He is a member of the Building and Loan Association.

Rev. Mr. Syle was in York on the 2nd of May, and preached a good sermon before the deaf-mutes. He said that he was much pleased with his visit, and that this place is nicer than any other place he has visited. He is very easy and graceful in his gestures, and expresses a clear interpretation of religion.

The following is clipped from a York daily of April 14th: "On Thursday evening, the deaf-mutes had an exhibition in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg. Fifteen inmates of that Institution participated in the entertainment, among whom was Miss Ida B. Brooks, of York, Co., a very bright and handsome little girl.

Wonder! why "Bella L.—" does not write to the JOURNAL as often as before?

STUDS.

YORK, PA., 5-11-81.

SOME PREDICTIONS.

Some "Sherman" for Veditz.

SOME THINGS IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO SEE.

Some things it is Funny to see, and some Parting Words.

BY 'MR. WHY.'

IT IS SAFE TO PREDICT FOR JUNE

That about the middle and latter part of the month, we may look for storms (of eloquence) accompanied by thunders (of applause) and lightning (glances) in the halls of our various Institutions. Get your umbrellas ready, or you will be soaked (with sweat) while witnessing the thrilling display.

That a great deal of eloquence will be stolen and palmed off on a smiling and credulous public as original.

That battered old trunks, long forgotten carpet bags, and bran new R. R. Tickets will be in active demand.

That slate pencils will be a drug on the market with plenty offering but no takers at any price.

That the small boy will have the colic and cholera morbus three hours after he puts his foot on his native heath, and the Institution folks will be blamed for it.

That handkerchiefs will be drenched with tears of sorrow at one end of the line, and rung out and hung up to dry as soon as the cars start, so as to be ready for the tears of joy which they will be soaked at the other end.

That those pupils who vow they won't return to school will be the first to put in their appearance the moment school opens again.

That the usual quota of lady teachers will resign to undertake the task of bossing one big boy, in preference to lordling it over many little ones, under the mistaken impression that the former is the easiest task.

IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO SEE

"We, Us & Co." be "pitied" and get a "thrashing" intended for us.

"Lester Montrose" and those other fellows take notice of the following words uttered by President Garfield in his address on the occasion of the last Presentation Day ceremonies. "He said he had always looked upon this place (the college) as the neutral ground in politics, where all might unite independent of politics" (Nat. Republican Report). Perhaps President Garfield intended that as a gentle but emphatic hint to the students in view of their recent partisan action, and perhaps "L. M." will not now say "the Democratic students knew what they were about when they sent them flowers." It is to be hoped they will take the hint anyhow. At least, the views of President Garfield and the "shallow-brained fellow" who is writing this are identical.

Long, of Ohio, belie his name when he comes to deliver the valedictory. Make it short and sweet, dear bro.

Some graduates not from old Hartford get away with the honorary degree of M.A. at the next commencement.

J. M. T. Davis, ex-convict and swindler, prove that the "soiled dove" he is traveling around with is his wife, when wife No. 1 is still living somewhere in Ohio.

IT IS FUNNY TO SEE

The glances of mutual admiration passing between "Judge De Coursey" and Miss Fuller.

How the "by's" fire away at us.—Next time they load up we hope they will put in something that will do more than just tickle us. Won't somebody tell us what it is all about any how.

How some of the writers for the Deaf-Mute papers glue "Prof." to the name of every one, big or little, who is, or in the past, has had any connection with an Institution or school. One would think that the whole mute world contained nothing but "Profs." It reminds one of "Mark Twain's" regiment, which contained nothing but Generals, Colonels and Majors.

A mute walk up to a hotel register, and, with a big flourish, plank down his name thus: PROF. S—, New York. We have seen it done with our own eyes, and we turned as red as a poppy and wished we were anywhere, anywhere but there, at that moment.

MR. VEDITZ:—I do not imagine anything. I know whereof I wrote in your case. By the way, both you and I have made sad mistakes. You have mistaken me for a "contemptible scoundrel," and I mistook you for a perfect gentleman, and as I wish always to act as the latter, I hereby apologize for my mistake. Will you accept it? Nein! denn nur "Gentlemen" bitten ein gethanes. Unrecht oder einen Irrthum ab, add nur Solche die des Tethels eines "Gentlemen" unwürdig sind, weigern sich, eine solche Abtete anzunehmen! Wer est nun der "Gentleman"?—Sie oder

ich? Stecken Sie dies in Ihre Pfeife und rauchen Sie es!

HERR WHY.

GOOD-BYE, BUT NOT FAREWELL.

Planting times has come and gone and hoeing time is near, and we will soon be so busy that we are forced reluctantly to lay down our trusty pen for the hoe and fight our other enemies—the weeds. But don't any one flatter himself that the "everlasting 'Mr. Why' is gently laid under the sod," for we are not dead, but sleeping, and will, as soon as we have harvested our crop of potatoes, pork and beans, again wrestle with that which is mightier than the hoe. We mean business, so good-bye, but not farewell, while we pull down our vest and take a rest.

MR. WHY.

"COLUMBUS."

ANOTHER RESIGNATION BROUGHT ABOUT BY POLITICAL MANIPULATIONS, AND THE USUAL BATCH OF WEEKLY CHIT CHAT.

The most notable event of the week transpiring at the Institution, has been the resignation of Mr. Lewis W. Flenniken, and which at this time is sincerely regretted as he was the right man in the right place. It will be difficult to get another person familiar with the duties, to fill the position. Mr. Flenniken is the son of the first deaf-mute pupil of the Institution, and can talk in the sign language as readily as any mute. He first became connected with the Institution in 1873 as a common laborer, and by his industry and good qualities has been gradually promoted.

The resignation takes effect on the 15th inst., and the reason which led Mr. F. to take this step is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Fay—i.e., political interference with the officers of the Institution, which placed his position at the hands of whichever party was successful at the general elections with no means of knowing when he would have to go. Mr. Flenniken goes to Cincinnati to accept a place somewhat similar to the one he held here, in the House of Refuge, and where he can at least feel secure from political manipulations, as they form no part in considering the qualifications of a person. It is to be regretted that Ohio, the third State in the Union, allows politics to be one of the chief ends in the management of her benevolent institutions, while fitness and experience are made secondary qualifications only. If this state of things is allowed to go on, it will not be long ere she will drive off her best men from these institutions, and as a consequence they will become crippled and demoralized in their usefulness to the State.

The B. floor pupils held their social last Tuesday evening, the last of the kind for the present school year. The only other fete yet on the bill is the annual picnic, which has been announced by the powers that be, to come off Thursday, the 19th, if the weather permits.

As the time to vacation grows less, those of the pupils booked for orations and essays for graduation are hard at work preparing their themes. Mr. Vance has been chosen by the members of the graduating class valedictorian, Mr. Wooley, salutatorian and Fred Wilson will make the class ivy speech on the occasion. There will in all nine members graduate from the regular course—five gentlemen and four ladies. The ivy vines planted by the yearly graduating class, with one or two exceptions, have all been dug up and others substituted, for the reason that those first were of the kind that would not climb.

"Fay Hill" was sodded this week, and conforms more now to the general appearance of the grounds.

The roof of the barn is being re-shingled and otherwise improved.

The Independent Base Ball Club, or what there is of it, are to play a game out at the Barracks this afternoon, with a nine from the Capital University.

Dr. and Mrs. Byers returned from New Orleans this week, and the latter, benefited by the trip, has again resumed her duties as teacher.

Prof. Talbot has been at Oberlin since the beginning of the week, taking a rest.

The fountain in front of the Institution received a cleaning out this week, a rocky built in the centre, and again stocked with the funny tribe of the golden hue.

COLUMBUS.

5-14-81.

Letter from Chas. Angle.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Received several letters from friends who wanted to know if I got hurt or burned in the Rolling Mill disaster last month.

I will relate the particulars of the accident: While I was oiling the machinery in the engine room, the great engine was in motion. My left hand, which held the lamp, was near the big blower, and the air which came from it blew the flame of the wick downward and the oil became ignited and the lamp exploded. The floor, and walls of the room being soaked with oil, the fire immediately gained great headway, and in a few moments the room was a mass of flame. I ran down and seized the water hose, and began to play on the flames, but the hose busted. I then ran to the engine room again, but the engineer was absent; so I sounded the whistle, and soon after crawled out of the burning mills. During that night the people were wondering if I had been burned to death. Others were afraid I would be mobbed or put in prison; but they did nothing.

CHAS. ANGLE.

FANWOOD

Anniversary Exercises.

VARIOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The great event of the week was the Exhibition of this Institution in the Broadway Tabernacle, on the afternoon of Thursday, May 12th.

The day dawned close and hot, and no anxiety was felt as to its being a pleasant day. As the day advanced the thermometer soared away up among the nineties. The pupils who were to go to the Exhibition left the Institution about 2:30 via the "L" road, and after a pleasant ride of about twenty minutes, they got off at the 33d Street Station, and from thence proceeded to the Tabernacle, which was only one block distant.

There was quite a crowd in the lower part of the Tabernacle, and the galleries were quite full. The hot weather, which was unusual at such an early date, no doubt had some thing to do with keeping away a great many people.

At 3:30 the exercises opened with prayer. After it was finished, the Vice-President, Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., made a few introductory remarks, giving among other things a brief sketch of the Institution, as it was and now is. All this was translated into signs by Dr. I. L. Peet, LL.D., to the deaf-mutes who were in attendance, of which there were a goodly number, some being former pupils of Fanwood, and some are pupils now attending school at the 44th Street Institution.

The next thing on the programme, was the illustration of elementary methods with pupils two weeks and 8 months under instruction.

The pupils that had been only two weeks under instruction were three little boys connected with the Mansion House Branch, under the instruction of Mr. Thomas H. Jewell. They showed a good knowledge of the first step employed in instructing the deaf. And when they retired they were applauded.

Then six little girls, all of the age of 13, mounted the platform, and each chose one of the States of the Union, and gave a full description of it. They described the boundaries, railroads, rivers, lakes, mountains, commerce, etc. The fine penmanship and excellent description each gave, called forth applause.

The translation of signs into words by five of the little boys, who described such things as the monkey, fly, hawk, etc., kept up a continuous storm of applause. Their signs being so plain that a person unacquainted with the sign language could easily understand them.

Then some pupils of the High Class wrote short compositions on the black boards which were well received. During the time they were writing, Miss Ella Dillingham, one of the young lady pupils mounted the stage and delivered a poem in graphic signs, Dr. Peet at the same time reading it.

The class of blind deaf-mutes created much interest. J. H. Caton, the oldest in his class, printed several short speeches on the type writer, one of which given to a Truth reporter was printed in that paper the next day. Much interest was also manifested in the case of Richard Clinton and Martha Moorehouse.

The exercises in Articulation and lip-reading by the pupils of Prof. E. H. Currier's class, did credit to themselves and their teacher.

Then a class of little girls mounted the platform and delivered in concerted signs, the beautiful Hymn "Just as I am," and the Lord's Prayer, and Doxology. This was the most beautiful portion of the whole exercises, and showed the force and beauty of the sign-language.

The exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard. The pupils returned the way they came, and arrived at the Institution without any mishaps, at about seven o'clock.

Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, who was appointed by the Legislature of the State of New York, as a member of the committee to look into the public institutions of the State, visited the Institution last week. She went all through the institution, and upon leaving she expressed great satisfaction, and remarked "that it was a great pleasure to find one good institution." She has quite an interesting history. Her husband was an officer in a Massachusetts regiment during the late war. While charging the enemy he was severely wounded in the chest. Nevertheless he kept his horse and led his men to victory. They scattered the rebels; but it was too much for the brave officer, who when he heard the shouts of victory dropped dead from his horse. Her brother was also an officer in another regiment, which was composed mostly of blacks. He was shot and killed while in battle, and his body was thrown into a ditch along with some of his troops by some rebels, who said: "He might as well go with his niggers."

Mr. Hodgson, who for three years has been assistant librarian resigned the position. Mr. C. M. Smith, the

gentlemanly clerk has been appointed his successor.

The Executive Committee met at the Institution on May 4th. Mr. A. T. Brown, one of the Committee, visited the class-rooms.

The Committee of Instruction met in the Principal's office, on the morning of May 9th.

Dr. Gallaudet paid an official visit to the class-rooms the same day.

The Board of Directors met in their room in the city on Monday May 10th.

Julius F. Lang, a former pupil came to see his friends and remained at the Institution during the day on Friday May 13th. He was called to New York by the death of his father, whose loss he feels very keenly. He has a good position in Albany, and from what we hear he is a first-class hand at his trade—which is that of a laster.

Vacation begins in about five weeks and lasts about 12 weeks.

Messrs. Rockway and Rose, two deaf-mutes, visited the Institution on May 5.

Dr. I. L. Peet presided at and delivered a speech at the meeting held in Steinway Hall, New York city, on the evening of Tuesday, May 3d. "To protest against raising the fares and taxing the elevated railroads."

On the afternoon of Friday, May 13th, part of the second division, including Misses Felver, Weyant, Wells and Gallagher, and Messrs. Palmer, Nash, Porter and Hathway, visited Central Park with Prof. Jenkins, for the purpose of viewing the "Needle" and visiting the "Museum of Art." They report having a jolly time.

Miss J. T. Meigs, one of the lady teachers, has contributed two or three dozen of small shrubs, to add to the beauty of the lawn fronting the Institution. She took care of them all through the winter in her class-room.

Thomas Halloran, a graduate of '79, visited the Institution one day last week. He is employed as a tailor in St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. He says he likes his place and means to keep it.

Mr. Peter Housel, a deaf-mute of Newark, N. J., who has two daughters attending school at the Institution, spent all day Sunday with them.

Several of the pupils attended service in Dr. Gallaudet's Church on Sunday, the 8th inst., there being confirmation service on that day.

Every evening at about 5 p.m., four handsome horses in beautiful harness may be seen standing at the corner of 155th Street and 10th Avenue before Dr. Stoddard's Church. At 5:10 there is a whole crowd of people on the corner. Suddenly a red and black coach flashes into sight from Kingsbridge Road. The horses are galloping at a break-neck speed. The top of the coach is crowded with people. When the stage is about a block away two grooms jump down while it is rushing along and run ahead. They unharness the panting horses in a twinkling and fresh ones are harnessed up in the same time and off they go. The coach is on of those belonging to the New York Coaching Club. It runs between the Hotel Brunswick and Tarrytown daily. Stopping to take in passengers and changes horses at Carmansville, Inwood, Kingsbridge, Yonkers, Irvington and Tarrytown and other places. It leaves the Hotel Brunswick at about seven o'clock in the morning and reaches Tarrytown at about noon and returns soon after arriving at the Hotel at six o'clock. The Coach that runs on this route is called the "Tantivy." The distance is about thirty or thirty-five miles. It is considered by the rich and fashionable to be one of the attractions of the season. The fare is ten times that charged on the cars for the same distance, so only the upper ten can indulge in the luxury.

HEN QUILL.

A Reply to "J. E. G."

In the last issue of your valuable paper, your Chicago correspondent, "J. E. G.," stated that the mutes of this city who are now howling for a society, were the ones who caused the breaking up of the Deaf-Mute Society three years ago. Let me say this is not the case. On investigation, I found out that there were only four mutes who were very anxious to start a new society, and out of these four three never had anything to do with the old society, and the other is still a member and had done all he could for it.

Your correspondent further stated that those mutes generally preferred to spend Sundays at places where there is no worshiping. Those mutes had good excuses for not attending regularly the services, which were conducted at Farwell Hall on the first Sunday of each month.

One is that the services were held so late in the afternoon that nobody cared to attend, and the other is that the services were sometimes led by one who should not be allowed to do so, for he does not practice what he preaches to us, for instance, he would tell us it is a sin to lie and backbite; but as soon as the services was over, he was seen telling lies and backbiting somebody. When Rev. Mr. Mann comes to this city, his services are always attended by those whom your correspondent claims preferred to spend Sundays where there is no worshiping. It is my opinion that "J. E. G." is the only one who keeps away from places of worship, for I have not seen him at one of the services at St. James' Church for the past year.

Yours Very Respectfully

ETHELBERT D. HUNTER.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 8, 1881.

PHILADELPHIA

Y. M. C. A. Chronicle.

LYCEUM EXERCISES.

Minor Pencilings.

On the 4th inst. there was a small number of deaf-mutes present to witness the meeting of our Chirological Lyceum in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Some business was passed off nicely. The secretary of the Lyceum received a letter from the Lyceum Committee of the Board of Managers of the Association, saying the meeting of the said committee was held this afternoon, and the following gentlemen were duly authorized to organize the Chirological Lyceum:—Messrs. Roop, Stubbs, Oakes, Lewis, Sands, Wilson, Sharrar, Bruthi and the writer.

On the 11th inst., a number of deaf-mutes of both sexes were in attendance to witness the following programme:—Humorous reading by Mr. Oakes, "The Hypochondriac," a very funny tale; referred question "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," by Mr. Sands; Biographical Sketch of Sir Matthew Hale, by Mr. Bruthi; dialogue, by Mr. Lewis and the writer, entitled "Indolence;" a debate "Which is the most destructive element, fire or water?" Fire was advocated by Messrs. Sharrar and Wilson, and Water by Mr. Lewis and the writer. The decision, by a set of three judges, being in favor of Water. During the debating Mr. John R. Lewis, our tallest member, being in a wild condition, happened to strike his hand against a music stand near by and almost knocked it down. The audience burst into hearty laughter, for he looked like Mr. J. B. Gough or DeWitt Talmage, while speaking. The literary exercises were appreciated by the audience. The literary exercises of the Lyceum will be more interesting, it is expected, at the next meeting.

The Lyceum received and accepted two applications for membership.

The Committee of Arrangements for the excursion for the benefit of the Chirological Lyceum were appointed by the chair. They have begun to make preparations for the excursion.

MINOR PENCILINGS.

The physical exhibition of the Gymnasium Department of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in the Hall of the Association on May 27th. I guess Mr. Joseph Bruthi, one of the Gymnasium members, will take part in it.

Some mute members of the Y. M. C. A., with their tulips, were invited by the members of the Gymnasium Department to a roller-skating party at the Philadelphia Rink on the 27th ult. They had a splendid time there.

The writer met Master William Jackson, a small deaf-mute of Manassas, Pa., who had on a sailor's blue suit of clothes. He says he is working on a sailing vessel which plies between this city and Florida.

Mr. Jos. A. Roop wants to know if his friend, Mr. Jacob Otto, is still in Altoona, Pa. If so, please reply through the JOURNAL.

The members of the Chirological Lyceum want to know on what day the opening of the Penna Alumni Re-Union will occur, as they wish to prepare a literary and social entertainment at the Lyceum, which shall be approved by the Board of Managers at their coming meeting. They also want to decide upon a day for their excursion as soon as possible.

"Little Rep" and his classmate paid a jovial visit to the writer the other day, before going to visit the grave of Miss Emma Hutchison.

Alone With the Angels.
TO MRS. PERRIS BOWDEN.
Your little ones sleep, oh! so sweetly,
In beautiful garments of white;
They have gone from your arms and they tarry
Along with the angels to-night.
"Not sleeping," saith yonder bright spirit,
"But waking to glory and bliss;
For the place of the heavenly kingdom
They have given the sadness of this."
"Not alone with the angels, but roaming
The plains of the sweet Eden shore,
With the millions of glorified cherubs
That shall sorrow on earth nevermore."
The mourners have left the sad chamber,
And followed the casket of clay,
But the jewels, so bright and so priceless,
Are set in the brow of the day.
The Father himself in His wisdom
Hath taken the babes from your breast—
From the desert so barren and lonely,
To the beautiful land of the blest.
ANNABEL LEE.

News from Rochester, N. Y.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The following is copied from the *Weedsport Sentinel*, and was written in memory of one of our little pupils who died of inflammation of the lungs, while on a visit to her home:
In memory of "Little Minnie," only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Webb, of Weedsport, N. Y., a pupil at the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rochester.
On Tuesday last, April 21st, after a brief illness, little Minnie died. She was with us only a few days before unusually well and happy, we thought. Saturday morning, in company with one of the older girls, she went home to spend the Sunday. The word that she was gone came to us as a sad surprise, for though we knew of her illness, we had not thought of death. By her sweet disposition and winning ways, Minnie had won for herself the love of her teachers and schoolmates, and we now remember with regretful pleasure many of her words and acts which showed the beauty of her character. Nature had denied Minnie many of those gifts which other children enjoy. She could not hear, nor could she run about with the ease and freedom of her little playmates. Yet she never complained of her infirmities, but bore them with patient cheerfulness that unconsciously rebuked impatience or discontent in others. Among her classmates she was the favorite, and by her love and sympathy she influenced them all. If a dispute arose she was the peacemaker, who never wearied until smiles had taken the place of tears. She would often kiss away the tears of her little friends and coax or laugh them out of their trouble. In the school-room, if a companion was in disgrace for some childish offence, she seemed herself unhappy till she had awakened patience in the offender and gained forgiveness for him. As a pupil she was loving, obedient and eager to learn; her questions often displayed a quickness of perception unusual in a child.
She loved especially to talk and hear about God and Heaven. She showed an eager delight, when in answer to her questioning she was told that in Heaven there was no sickness nor pain, no physical weakness or defect, thus showing that she realized and grieved over her infirmities silently, but with never a complaint.
Not only did little Minnie evince a remarkable sweetness of natural disposition: she showed in many ways a Christian spirit. She wanted to be good for Jesus' sake; her knowledge of religious truth was, of course, but little, yet she seemed clearly to understand that she had a loving heavenly Father; she knew something of His wisdom and power; something of her relation toward Him.
To her, he was a real personality, whose watchful loving eye was ever upon her. Those who taught her, believe that she was a lover and follower of Jesus. She often talked of death, or rather of "going to Heaven," she thought she should not live long, but did not fear death. In her last illness she told her friends she was going to heaven. "One night I will stay here, mamma, and then," pointing upward, "I am going to heaven." Her mother answered: "Oh no, Minnie, I hope you will get well, and go back to school," but she shook her head, "No, I am going to heaven."
Her last words were very precious to those who loved her. She repeated the names of many of her friends and said they were "Good," "good," and again and again in her own beautiful language, she repeated the words: "God is Love."
To her teachers, it is a most precious thought that their hands helped lead the dead little feet to Jesus, to point her to the Heavenly home her Saviour was preparing for her. In memory of the sweet life of our little pupil and schoolmate, we extend to her parents and friends in their bereavement our tenderest sympathies, and with them unite in gratitude to God for the beautiful lesson of her life and death.
This is the first death that has occurred among the pupils for over two years, the last one being that of the little girl who was killed while walking on the track with her deaf-mute mother.
During the five years that have passed since the establishment of this school, there has not been a single death within the walls of the Institution, though there have been several severe cases of illness where recovery seemed almost impossible.
This spring there has been considerable sickness among the pupils; chiefly hard colds and a few cases of pneumonia, but at present all who are ill are convalescing.
With the coming of Spring, the

pupils have made daily excursions to the neighboring woods to hunt for wild flowers, especially the beautiful trailing arbutus, whose sweet pink blossoms, though hidden away under the fallen leaves and brushwood, as if
—born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air,
have nevertheless quite liberally rewarded the patient search and keen sight of our flower hunters.
A few speculators have organized a plan for laying a railroad along the Genesee River from the city to the Lake. They have met with considerable opposition from the citizens of Rochester, and it is not yet certain that their plan will be carried through. Should it succeed, the cars will run directly back of the Institution.
One of the teachers, a sister of Principal Ely of the Maryland Institute, was summoned home some time ago by the illness of her mother who has since died. MINNEHARA.
ROCHESTER, May 12, 1881.

Arkansas Cullings.
DEAR EDITOR:—We clip the following from the *Jacksonport Herald*, April 9th.
"It is with profound regret that we chronicle the death of Thomas R. Davis, which occurred at the home of his parents near this place on the evening of the 1st inst. Tommy, as he was familiarly called, was born and raised in this place and at the time his death was sixteen years, eleven months and fifteen days old. He was a deaf-mute from his birth, spent several years at the Deaf-Mute Institution at Little Rock, Arkansas, and partly learned the art of printing in this office. He was remarkably intelligent, an ever obedient and well-mannered boy, always greeting his friends with a smile and a gentle wave of the hand, and in this outward deportment, was as decorous and dignified as a grown up man. He had a long and painful illness, and endured it with patience and without complaint. Several times during his last sickness he called for his bible, and seemed to take more than usual interest in reading it. At one o'clock in the morning, he asked what time it was, and was answered one o'clock. Raising hand he extended three fingers toward the clock in his room, and with the other hand pointed upwards with a smile. He then signed for the family to bid him farewell, and precisely at three o'clock he breathed his last, and with his face all radiant with the glow of a happy farewell to earth, his spirit went back to God who gave it. His mortal remains were gently laid away by tender hands and loving hearts in the family burying ground, and now all the wisdom of philosophy and the learning of a thousand years could not make us believe this boy who spent all his life locked up in mortal silence and cut off in a great measure from the world and its wisdom and maxims, is not a living, thinking, acting, blessed being in a perfect world, with all his faculties and senses returned and safe forever and forever."
Tommy Davis had been a pupil here for six years. He left here two years ago and went home. He was a very bright pupil. All the pupils here felt sorry to hear of his death.
Master Andy Anderson (a pupil here) was called home to the funeral of his father. Mr. Anderson who was buried about two weeks ago, was an employee of the Little Rock Oil Company. On Friday, while at work on the roof of a cotton shed near Newport, he slipped and fell to the ground, breaking both arms and crushing his skull on a railroad tie. He lived but a few hours after the accident. The deceased was a hard-working, honest man, and his death is a hard blow to a worthy family.
I notice that Mr. Berges, a pupil of the West Virginia Institution, jumps 17 feet in a running jump. That is good and no mistake. I would like to know how far he can jump from toe to heel in a single standing jump on a dead level.
Mrs. Emma Shinn, sister of our excellent matron, Mrs. A. B. Hammond, came here from New York City and remained on a visit for several days. Mrs. Hammond then accompanied Mrs. Shinn to Hot Springs. This was some three weeks ago. Mrs. Shinn will remain there some weeks for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Hammond remained there three days and returned all right. Mrs. Shinn is a very pleasant and charming lady. We all were very glad to welcome her here. We enjoyed her visit very much, indeed. We all hope that her health will be entirely restored before she goes to New York. She will be expected to stop here and stay longer before she leaves for the East. Her husband, Mr. Luther E. Shinn, is the Mining Editor of the *New York Tribune*.
Rope-jumping and swinging are the favorite amusements among the boys as well as the girls.
Mr. Lewis Morgan (a pupil here) left school for home a few weeks ago to help his father.
Last week all officers and pupils were invited to the Opera House to see Humpty Dumpty. We all enjoyed it very much indeed.
Prof. Frank Mosley (a teacher here) has bought two lots and is going to build a fine residence this summer. He is digging a new cistern himself every afternoon.
Our Institution is now lighted with gas made on the premises. This kind of gas is formed by supplying air to gasoline. The gasoline is stored in tanks under ground, and hence is perfectly safe. A pump supplies the gasoline in these tanks with air, and drives the gas through the building. The pump is kept in motion by a

stone weight of 1250 pounds suspended from the ceiling. The gasoline used is number 87.
The trees are covered with pretty green leaves now. The spring-flowers have begun to grow in our yard.
I received a letter from my father last Tuesday informing me of the death of my little mute brother. He died at home last Friday week.
We will have plenty of grapes and strawberries and vegetables in our garden. The health of the pupils and officers of the Institution has been very good, as usual, but several of the pupils have had trouble with their eyes.
Yours Very Respectfully,
ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 7, 1881.

Detroit Correspondence.
Mr. Geo. E. Morton, Corresponding Secretary of the Michigan Deaf-mute Alumni Association, has secured a permanent position as compositor on the *Post and Tribune*, of this city, one of the leading stalwart organs of the northwest, at 33½ cents per 1,000 ems. Though comparatively young in years, he has entered upon the vast theatre of the world to struggle for an existence with flattering prospects, and his many friends and admirers will be glad to hear of his success, especially the saintly "Mignon."
Joseph Kolhoff, Jr., now sports a magnificent plug hat and a gold-headed cane, like the high-toned denizens of Fifth Avenue, New York—a grand spectacle, no doubt. His increasing business necessitates the employment of another first class tailor, and those experienced in that line and who desire steady employment and good wages, can obtain it at once by applying. His address is 16 Grand River Ave., West Detroit, Mich.
Geo. M. Grummond, an ex student of the ever-renowned "degree factory" at Kendall Green, now edits the society and sporting department of *Chaff*, a paper but lately launched upon the sea of journalism, and which is intended to become in the not distant future one of the most popular and leading publications of the period. His ambition is to scale the lofty heights of literary fame, but we fear all his dreams of distinction in the charmed field of literature will prove but "castles in the air."
Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, Michigan's deaf-mute artist, and family, have settled down in this city and propose making it their permanent residence.
More mutes from Jackson are expected soon. In fact, the tide of deaf-mute immigration to the Metropolis has been without a precedent in its history, and will perhaps not be for years to come.
There are four deaf-mutes employed in Traynor's Publishing and Printing House, of this city, and all are doing well, and besides there are a number working in the other offices.
We are sorry that the versatile Washington correspondent of the *Mirror* is in an unhappy situation over the item of ours that appeared in a previous issue of the *JOURNAL*, and to do him justice as he demands, we will take back what we stated, and offer him the hand of friendship, and fill the deadly chasm of antipathy with a profusion of regrets, apologies and lastly five cent cigars. The item was written with no motives of malice, and when we considered that he understood Indian hieroglyphics we committed the grandest mistake of our life. So, "forgive and forget" is our wish.
The project of the much talked of excursion to Put-in-Bay by the mutes of Michigan and the States skirting the lakes seems to be progressing finely, and that the movement will prove a success there is little to doubt. The island is one of the most picturesque of all the myriad isles situated in Lake Erie, having a genial and salubrious climate, besides containing many curious subterranean caverns. J. S. DERNORR, May 17, 1882.

Use Your Voice.
In one of the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb at least (and probably in some of the others), all use of the voice by the semi-mutes was a few years ago discouraged. If they attempted to speak, the teachers who could hear, either paid no attention at all to them, or told them that their voices sounded disagreeable, or that they had better not attempt to use them, as persons who could hear, did not like to have their ears hurt by the voices of the deaf. The poor semi-mutes, in some cases, believed their teachers, and gave up speaking, and became mute in consequence. It is probable that some of the teachers meant well enough, but as they lived so much among the deaf, they forgot how those that could hear would look upon their ideas. The voice was given for use, and should be used in every case by all who possess the power of speech. It is a great mistake to suppose that hearing persons are horrified by the voices of the deaf. I have told a great many persons what the teachers said, and have been told that they (teachers) were laboring under a great mistake. Of course the voices of the deaf do not sound exactly natural—the ear being necessary to regulate the tones—but they do not sound as disagreeable as the teachers would have them believe. Even if it did sound disagreeable, they ought to use it, and their friends would soon get so accustomed to their tones that it would pass unnoticed. Even those who can hear, often have disagreeable voices—are they too to stop speaking on that account? If the idea was expressed, it would soon be laughed down as absurd. The more a semi-mute uses his voice, the

more agreeable it will become, and the easier will it be for him to speak. The voice is like machinery—if not used, it is apt to become rusty and useless. It is a great advantage to be able to speak, as one can talk a great deal faster than one can write. Then, too, one can say things by the voice which would look absurd if written. A common mode of salutation is, "Good day; it is very pleasant to-day." That would take time to write, and it would be rather absurd for a semi-mute to stop a hearing friend in a crowded street while he pulled out paper and pencil and wrote it—it could be spoken while passing by with the voice without any inconvenience to either. The more the semi-mute speaks, the more friends he will have among those who can hear, and the greater will be his progress in language.
CYRIL CADWALLADER.
A Night's Visit to the Composing Rooms of a Daily Paper.
BY CHAS. ROLLIN BRAINARD
The morning paper comes in fresh and damp, and while you are reading it, the men who made it for you are asleep.
They did their work while you were reposing on your downy couch—their life is emphatically one of the night. They sleep when the sun shines. They go to bed when he rises. It is all night with them. Steadily click, click, click go the types, one line after another, paragraph follows paragraph, columns take their place beside columns, ever lengthening, filling up the gaps, assuming form and proportion, seeking out and settling into appropriate place, ever approaching completion, ever getting ready for the reading that is to be done at so many breakfast tables, on so many railways and in so many counting rooms on the morrow.
"Time"—the hour for work has come. The men go to the desk. There is little talking—that is left to the central figure. The group consist of thirty men or more, and their faces are a study. Some are young, some are old, all are earnest. Their life makes them so. They have divested themselves of coats, the most of them; some have put on a thin jacket in place of the heavier out-of-door garment.
The one who stands the farthest from us with a light straw hat tipped jauntily on the side of his head, which he now takes off, the hat, not the head, and lays on a case near by, is a graduate of one of our best colleges. Don't smile, five more in that group are graduates, one with the honors of a valedictorian clustering around his brow. The slender lad of not more than nineteen, who stands next to him is a collegian now, a junior. He spends his vacations here for the sake of the twenty-five or thirty dollars a week which it is sure to afford him. He devotes all his vacations to this work.
The man on the right, with the heavy mustache, is a sporting man, regular correspondent for *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*. He is fond of taking Saturday afternoon for a game of base-ball. It is his one free afternoon, and he with eighteen others, all before us, devote it with their might to the muscular work.
The central figure who now says "Nineteen," was a colonel in the army, and got that scarred cheek at Gettysburg.
The fierce-looking Frenchman behind him led some of the cavalry charges that graced the hills of Virginia. In the corner over here, at our right, are wooden swords which he and others, who cleft the startled air with their shining blades eighteen years ago, cut and slash with now, sometimes, to keep their practise up.
The Indian club bear the same pile belongs to the wiry man near the same window. He is a gymnast, and has appeared more than once on the boards at our city theatres.
"Nineteen."
The Frenchman steps up and takes from the desk a sheet of straw-colored paper, looks at it a moment and retires.
"Twenty."
The man who utters the mystic word does not look up. He merely says the word and moves another sheet of paper just as he moved the first. The "student" takes it, glances at it and retires.
"Twenty-one."
The gymnast steps up and takes a slip, looks at it, and a slight chuckle is audible. The simple expression "fat, eh!" comes from some one in the group. The gymnast answers with a quiet nod and a smile that shows he is content with the piece of copy that fell to him.
"Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four, Twenty-five, twenty-six, Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine, Thirty, One, Two, Three."
All the numbers are quietly uttered by the central figure, but his eyes are rarely raised.
The whole thing on his part is mechanical. The men take their "takes" and pass on. When they are all gone he leans his head on his hands, and gazes into vacancy. It is the last of the week, and he is tired.
All around him the types begin to click, click, click. You cannot tell it from the clock's tick. The gas is all lighted to its fullest blaze. Every face is sober as the men bend steadily over their cases, for there are wives and babies depending on the money to be earned.
The compositor does not often look up. He is intent on the work before him. He finishes his "take" and gets another. He seldom speaks. Thirty or forty in the room, all intent on their work which requires their

thoughts as well as their eyes and fingers have no time for looking up. The man just before us has finished what he took, and, through a peculiar fancy of his own, puts his copy before his teeth and goes to the "galley bank." Three or four more come at the same time by a fortuitous coincidence. They say nothing. They hardly look at each other. Their respective sticks fall are emptied. The galleys on the bank begin to fill. Each man adds a little, and when it is in its place, with pencil and paper he designates it with a mark to correspond with a mark already on the page of copy. No man takes precedence here, or elsewhere, either except by numbers when "time" is called, and by "finish" during the rest of the night.
Social standing in the outside world of daylight counts for little here. The man is known by his number, and when his bit of copy is done and the type deposited in the bank, if there is no more on the desk he writes his number down on a slate or paper, and marks down opposite to it the hour and minute.
The galleys are filling fast now. Here is an editorial. It will take a whole column of the paper to-morrow. Here is a letter from a foreign correspondent. It will occupy two columns.
Fifteen men each put up a little, and in twenty minutes the whole thing will be in type. Each man takes a page of manuscript copy. Each man knows the fragment he has. He can read the balance in the paper to-morrow, if he chooses. He rarely takes the trouble to do it before. That he may know the part he sets, he puts at its head a "slug"—a piece of metal of peculiar shape, but it bears his number, and when the proofs are taken, the slugs are drawn and put on the "bank" for further use, leaving the type solid and compact, in column form, each article complete.
Out of the way. Here comes a black-eyed, black-haired man. With a twist of his finger and a turn of his wrist he has drawn from a secret recess a long narrow stick. It drops into its place in the galley beside the type, the quoin fly up the narrowing passage, the locked galley slips on the press with a click, the proofs are taken, one, two, three, one for the compositors to claim their matter to-morrow, one for the final revision and polishing by the proof reader, and one for a free and easy slip, which goes to the editorial room to show what has already been done.
Things are getting lively now. Copy lies in abundance on the desk; the "bank" is receiving deposits by hand-fulls and giving out by galley-fulls. The compositor's fingers have grown limber as he warms to the work, and fairly flies over the case. A type here, a type there, adjusting one line and beginning another.
The associate press telegrams are hurrying in on their transparent paper—toss a sheet of it in the air and it floats like delicate silk. The "specials" race along with them: news items, police reports, court calendar, come bounding in like school-boys: the proofs are being passed to the reader, long white ribbons with dark centres. Gaily and brightly they enter the room, but the spider-work of the proof-reader crawls over them before they go out, and they are not so clean.
Out they fly; a rapid comparison of numbers takes place—click—on to a correcting case where every fault is rectified—all that are found—and away it rushes for the "turtle."
But—there is talking in all directions. A dozen men are standing idle. Some are going toward the desk. They put their number on the slate, look at the clock, reckon all fractions in their own favor, and join the group of those who are talking, chatting, lounging, slashing wooden swords, or whirling Indian clubs. There is no copy on the desk, and they are "only waiting."
A sharp strike of the bell, a rattling of the boxes as it dashes along its narrow passage-way from the editorial rooms announces a fresh arrival of copy. There is utter silence, "five, twelve, nine, seventeen, twenty-seven," etc., is the order of numbers on the slate, and as each number is called each man takes his slip of copy, goes to the slate, looks at the clock, counts the fractions in his own favor again, dots down the number of minutes he has been away from his case, and is standing in his place again as sober as a judge, and working like steam.
Steadily the hours roll on. One o'clock strikes, two, three, four; there are rapid movements now; men begin to run with their galleys and their sticks of type; some late news has come and it must go in the paper. At a given moment a signal comes and there must be nothing left. The men are tired, excited, eager. Away in the basement a score of men are waiting at the presses, and their work must be done that the mails may close and the railway trains be loaded with the latest news, on time. The composition-room must have its work done at a given moment, and when the signal comes the great "turtles" are swung to the drop, and away they go to the presses with their masses of type.
"All up," "all up," is echoed from one end of the room to the other. There will be no more copy from the editorial room to-night. One by one each man puts his last piece of copy and work on the bank, turns his gas down, pulls his coat on; the hat slides on he little cares how, and with hardly a "good night" to those around him he goes out into the night just as it is closing. He hears the

milkmens as they drive rumblingly along the deserted streets, he sees occasional dark figures gliding along, bent on the same errand as himself—home; he passes now and then a policeman. Sometimes stops for a word or two, no more.
Meanwhile the great cylinders begin to move, and the heaps of papers with the last item, pushed in by the "skin of its teeth," are being counted out for the troops of boys who now are waiting outside.
Truly, our night's adventure was like a dream.
STOLEN KISSES.
In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire, and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"
For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamlike sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep,
For ever the echo shall greet,
Like song of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"
When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lives but for an hour,
When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power,
Then shall soft memory float,
No more a dream to enchain;
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain.


Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.
The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:
Knoxville, Tenn., - May 1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn., - 4th.
Danville, Ky., - - - 6th.
Lexington, Ky., - - - 8th.
Louisville, Ky., - - - 15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky., - - 18th.
Nashville, Tenn., - - - 22d.
Jackson, Tenn., - - - 25th.
Maysville, Ky., - - - June 5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va., - 8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va., - 9th.
Wheeling, W. Va., - - 12th.
Charlestown, W. Va., - 15th.
Saunton, W. Va., - - 16th.
The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf mutes attending.
The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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